Pecan Cluster

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Pecan Cluster

by sourweather

Summary

Adam has been dating a man he met online for nearly a year now, but they've never met in person. Nigel has a surprise in store for him.

Notes

You decide to pick up the Pecan Cluster from your Chocolate Sampler. It's crunchy, salty, sweet. The toffee sticks between your teeth, and it tastes bright compared to some of the heavier, richer chocolates in the box.

See the end of the work for more notes

Adam sighs as he falls into his usual seat on the bus, tension slowly leaking from his joints. It's been a long, *long* day, but the hard part is over now. The work day has ended, and now he can go home, make dinner, and talk to—

He pulls his phone from his pocket, jostling a little in his seat as the bus begins to move. A small smile blooms on his face, and he opens his messenger app.

Adam: [I'm on my way home from work now.]

He says it every day, even though his schedule never changes. He watches the streets pass by for a minute or two, until his phone buzzes to life. Automatically, Adam's chest floods with warmth.

Nigel: [You have a good day?]

Adam grins. It's just after midnight, in Bucharest. He has the time difference between them memorized, by now. But Nigel never makes him wait long for a message.

Adam: [Not really. I think I'm just burned out, lately.]
Adam: [I'm looking forward to the weekend.]

Adam met Nigel online, a little more than eleven months ago. He'd been lonely, looking for companionship. Nigel was lying low, recovering from an injury and keeping a low profile. None of it was planned, but the two of them just… clicked, for lack of a better word. Adam never really understood why they called it 'chemistry' until he started having it with Nigel, but the two of them definitely had it.

Nigel: [Well, hopefully I can help you feel a bit better ;)]

A flush overtakes Adam's face. He bites his lip. It's always been like this, between them. Easy. Nigel's always had a talent for making Adam smile, for saying just the right things.

Adam: [You always do. <3]
Adam: [Talking to you is my favorite part of the day, Nigel. You know that, don't you?]

Nigel: [It's my favorite part too, angel.]

Adam sighs, running the pad of his thumb lightly over their text log. Not *every* part of their relationship is easy.

At first, Adam didn't mind the distance between them. In a lot of ways, having the constant barrier made things less stressful. People are less vague about their feelings, over text. They don't expect you to pick up on their facial cues. And it's less draining to simply text someone throughout the day than to actually meet with them face-to-face. Best of all, Adam can go on 'dates' with Nigel from the comfort of his own home. Nigel cooks dinner while Adam makes lunch, and they stream a movie together while they eat. It's nice.

Lately, though, he's been longing for more. He wants Nigel near, longs to reach out and touch him. He's started fantasizing about what it would be like to kiss Nigel in real life, to feel his heat against his skin, to fall asleep wrapped in his embrace.

Adam is beginning to wonder if he might be in love with Nigel. It feels like he is.

He's distracted from his hopeless pining by another message coming in.

Nigel: [Listen, I want you to video call me when you get home, okay?]

Adam blinks. They call each other almost every night, but Nigel doesn't usually ask him to share video because it slows their connection. Thinking about the most common reason that they have video calls, Adam replies

Adam: [Okay. Do you want to have sex?]

He's a little tired from work, but if Nigel wants to—

Nigel: [No, angel.]
Nigel: [I mean. Shit. Maybe.]
Nigel: [But that's not why I want you to call me.]

The bus screeches to a stop. Adam watches a throng of passengers step off, new ones get on.

Adam: [Is everything okay?]

Nigel responds to this message just as quickly as the others, but Adam still feels a tiny bundle of nerves start to build in his stomach.

Nigel: [Yeah! Baby, I promise, everything's fine. I've got a surprise for you, that's all.]

The nerves don't dissipate. He shifts a little in his seat.

Adam: [I don't like surprises.]

Nigel: [I know that, darling, that's why I'm talking to you about it before it happens.]
Nigel: [You're not getting anything sprung on you. Cross my heart.]

It eases his anxiety, just a little. His pulse doesn't quite settle, though. The bus arrives at Adam's stop, and he puts his phone back into his pocket before standing to disembark.

He's gnawing on his lower lip by the time calls Nigel, settled on his couch with his headphones snug over his ears. In spite of himself, Adam smiles when Nigel's handsome face fills his laptop screen.

"Hello, Nigel," he greets, and the other man flashes a slightly tired grin.

"There's that face."

Adam ducks his head, cheeks flushing a little at the fondness in Nigel's voice.

Nigel doesn't let him get away so easily, though. "Did I ever tell you that you're the prettiest thing I've ever seen, babydoll?"

He can't help it. He giggles. Nigel uses a lot of different pet names, but that one in particular never fails to make him blush bright red and laugh like a schoolgirl. "Nigel," he half-whines, and when he looks back at the screen the other man is beaming. "Thank you. I think you're very attractive, too."

Nigel preens a little, and Adam feels the now-familiar burst of what can only be love in his chest.

"What did you want to talk about?"

"Straight to business, huh?" Nigel asks, and Adam nods.

"I won't be able to relax until I know what's going on," he explains. "I'd rather get it out of the way first, so I can enjoy the rest of our evening."

Nigel nods. His shoulders rise and fall as he takes a long, deep breath. "Alright," he mutters, then repeats it a little more confidently. "Alright. Well, first off: I just want to say that none of this is set in stone, okay? You can say no, I swear. I— I *want* you to say no, if that's what you wanna say."

"You're making me nervous," Adam warns. He's never seen Nigel so unsure of himself, it doesn't sit right with him. "What's going on?"

He licks his lips, looks around a room that Adam can't see. Every second of silence drags on and on, it's unbearable.

"Nigel?"

"Darko wants me to fly out for him, in a couple weeks," Nigel blurts, a bit too loudly. "Location scouting shit for a new club he's thinking about opening overseas. Should be there for about ten days." He looks back at the camera, offers a nervous smile. "New York's as good a place to start as any, don't you think?"

Adam freezes. "You… You're coming to New York?" he repeats, and his hands begin to shake in his lap. "Here?"

Nigel chuckles weakly, nodding. "Yeah. I'll be in the city, baby."

His heart starts fluttering wildly. Adam's body fills with giddy energy within seconds, and he starts flapping his hands just to burn a little of it away.

"Now, I can get a hotel or something if you don't want me staying with you—"

Adam nearly laughs. Was that what Nigel was afraid of? That Adam wouldn't want to see him? "No!" he insists, and a wide grin spreads across his face. Nigel, his Nigel, in this apartment? It's a dream come true. "No, I want you here, Ni!"

Nigel looks delighted, but he still says “Are you sure? You can think it over a little if you want.”

It’s sweet that Nigel cares so much about his comfort, but Adam can’t remember the last time he was so excited for something. “I don’t need to think about it. Stay with me! Please.”

The fear seems to leave Nigel, at that. Adam is relieved to see it gone. “Fuck, baby, you’ve got no idea how happy it makes me to hear you say that. I’m gonna spoil you rotten while I’m there, too, I promise. We can do whatever you want.”

Adam just smiles, reaches out, presses his fingers to his computer screen. Soon, there wouldn’t be anything standing between them, and the thought makes his chest swell all over again. Yes, he is in love with Nigel. “I don’t need to do anything special, Ni,” he says. “I just want to be with you.”

End Notes

Thanks so much to: Internetg1rl and AmeliaHeart_209 for the ingredients I used to whip up this chocolate!

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